

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL.

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NO. 93

BARBOURVILLE, KNOX COUNTY.

—Chas R. Catching, of London, was in town Monday and Tuesday on business and made headquarters with the writer.

—Mr. T. M. Sampson, whom the Barbourville News styles the young merchant prince of Barbourville, is in Louisville and Cincinnati this week buying goods.

—Miss Mannie Johnson, second daughter of Mr. Dan A. Johnson, a prominent business man of this place, is very low with grip. Miss Johnson has been suffering for some weeks and is not expected to live.

—Barbourville, within the course of a month or two, will have a salt factory with a capacity of 50 barrels per day, and the erection of a steam laundry is an enterprise which is more than likely to be forwarded.

—Judge Wm. Lindsay, of Frankfort, who, by reason of the appointment which the president made him a proffer of, has enjoyed so much newspaper notoriety of late, was a guest of our city last week on his way to Washington, where he afterward declined the appointment.

—Mr. W. J. Caudill has just received a letter from a friend in Clay county stating that John Hensley, a desperate character of that county, waylaid and killed one John DeZar, a well-to-do citizen of the same county, about ten miles down the river from Manchester. DeZar was a son-in-law of Ex-State Senator John Hydin, of Clay county. Several parties are reported as having seen Hensley shoot. Serious trouble is looked for now as a result, as both parties have a number of followers, who will probably take it up.

—The work of the county supervisors which they just completed last week, has been the principal topic of conversation for the past few days. Your representative overheard a conversation between some interested parties yesterday during the course of which one victim took occasion to remark that they had raised him \$2,000. A second man interrupted him with, "I believe I would call em and see what they were doing it on." "Don't do it," said a third man, "unless you have better than a full house for that's what the supervisors had when I called to tell my 'little tale of woe' and I could scarcely get my head in at the door."

—Your correspondent is frank to confess that for some time past he has been very negligent about his letters and as a consequence has let many news items escape his memory owing to press of other matters. Among other things was a mention of the second of the regular series of lectures given by Union College of this place, which was delivered Tuesday night, Jan. 12th, by Judge J. H. Tinsley, of this place. His subject was, "From Cumberland Gap to the Ohio in 1862." The lecture was simply excellent and when Judge Tinsley had closed his interesting discourse he was the recipient of many congratulatory compliments and the writer heard many more which were not delivered in the presence of the judge. So favorably impressed with Judge Tinsley's effort was Col. Dan Rawlings, the great railroad attorney of this place, that he frankly remarked to your scribe that the lecture was a close rival of "Money and Morals" which the "Star-eyed Goddess" has won so many rounds of applause and such crowds of success with. During his talk Judge Tinsley told many entertaining war stories and his personal reminiscence were particularly interesting, intermingling as he did throughout the whole humor and pathos in a manner which effected its purpose.

THE WORLD GROWS.—Noah Webster would not know his old dictionary in the perfection it has attained in the hands of modern scholars. The world grows, however, and dictionaries with it, so that a cheap reprint of the 44 years old "original" Webster is worth about as much as an old almanac. Webster's International Dictionary, the recent successor of the latest and still copyrighted "Unabridged," is the best work of its kind ever published, and, well used in a family, will be of more value to the members thereof than many times its cost laid up in money.

It is announced that the American Bell Telephone company has so forwarded its experiments in the telephone field that it has perfected a telephone by which whispers can be transmitted 500 miles with perfect distinction.

—In Arkansas, Peter Baker was found murdered in his house. His wife was missing and so was a man named Johnson. The other day they returned and the neighbors suspecting them of the murder lashed their backs together and hung them with the same rope.

—Miss Fannett Woods, the alleged victim of Mayor Higgins, of Somerset, has grown hopelessly insane and has been sent to the asylum at Lexington. Higgins has been released on \$1,200 bond, and, it is said, his friends intend to let him escape and pay the bond.

LANCASER, GARRARD COUNTY.

—Will Dunlap is very ill with pneumonia.

—Mr. Spaulding has introduced a bill in the Legislature entitled "An act to protect the fish in the waters of the State." Why not protect the fish that are not in the waters, especially the suckers and clubs.

—The remains of Mr. Thomas A. Scott, who was killed near Cumberland Gap Tuesday, were brought here this morning for burial. He had the friendship of the entire community, who sympathize deeply with the grief stricken family.

—Representative Loud, of California, has introduced a bill to prohibit any Chinese from ever coming to this country, and yet we boast of our hospitable shores, and invite the world, Chinese included, to our Columbian Exposition. "Consistency, thou art a jewel."

—James L. Hamilton and wife have moved into the handsome Lillard property on Lexington street. Mr. C. F. Bailey, who has been exhibiting Edison's phonograph at McRoberts' drug store for the last few days, left Wednesday morning for Richmond, where he will exhibit that wonderful instrument.

—The Lancaster Brass Band was organized this week. A new set of Conn instruments will be ordered at once and the citizens residing in the neighborhood of the practice room are hereby warned. The members are John M. Duncan, J. E. Stormes, H. W. Batson, J. C. Hemphill, R. E. Hughes, Louis Landram, J. M. Farra, L. Owsley, Charley Anderson and John Lear.

—Our young friend Mr. Ed. R. Jones, Agent for the Central Kentucky Hedge Fence Company, says he did a big business in Stanford the last court day. He sold over 1,000 rods of hedge to the Lincoln county farmers and says they are the best people he ever met. He expects to canvass Lincoln county thoroughly after the snow and sleet disappears.

—A very enjoyable impromptu hop was given at the Holmes House on Monday evening. Signor Black's orchestra furnished the music which was first-class. Those who attended were Misses Nellie Marrs, Mary Miller, Maud Robinson, Ada B. Farra, Allie Anderson, Mattie Elkin, Carrie B. Woods and Messrs. John Doty, John Farra, Chas. Anderson, Denny, J. and F. Robinson, Wherry, Owsley, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Stormes and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Marrs.

—Joseph Jefferson, the actor, says that in traveling on a street car in New York he once met a gentleman whose face seemed familiar, but whose name he could not recall. To relieve the embarrassment, as he had been familiarly addressed, he asked his name and was informed that it was U. S. Grant. The question was asked, "What did you do, Joe?" "Do? Why, I just got off the car at the first stopping place for fear I would ask him if he had ever been in the war."

—Capt. Chase, with his troop of the 3d U. S. cavalry, is said to be hot on the trail of Garza, and arrived at the home of Garza's father-in-law on the evening of the 13th inst. Garza and his men were not to be found, though there were indications that they had been there recently. If they could get neither Garza nor his father-in-law, they might have captured his mother-in-law, and they would then have had something of which to boast, if she had not in the meantime whipped out the whole party. It seems that a single Mexican revolutionist with a handful of men can successfully elude the U. S. army under experienced generals, and all they are able to report is that they are "hot on his trail."

—The adjutant general of Missouri says that communications have been received from Washington counseling the recruiting of the National Guards in that State. This is thought to have reference to the prospective war with Chili. As Congress has not yet declared war, it becomes important to know what public functionary has assumed the responsibility of authorizing recruiting in the various States, and if such authority exists, why Kentucky has been overlooked. Adjutant General Gross would not be slow to buckle on his sword, don his paint and feathers and ensconced in his snow shoes and with tomhawk in hand, grip or no grip, sound the war cry of "On to Chili!" if he could only get an intimation that his services were needed. Chilians, beware. We are a warlike people when aroused, and could whip you if you were twice as small as you are.

—The tone of most of the dispatches relative to our troubles with Chili shows that some of the officers of our navy are bent on a fight and leaving nothing undone that has entered into their warlike imaginations to precipitate hostilities. Commander Evans, of the Yorktown, now at Valparaiso, is quite belligerent, and telegraphs: "I have requested the American minister to say to the minister of foreign affairs that I am responsible to my own government and not to that of Chili in such matters, and that I consider his criticism offensive and I

will not accept it. His action seems unworthy of the representation of a serious government." This is quite fierce and the only wonder is that Commander Evans has not declared war, as he seems to be a law unto himself and fully aware of his importance. What he means by a "serious government" is not easily understood. Possibly, if he would imitate Commander Schley, of the Baltimore, and send a hundred or so of his sailors ashore and let them get drunk, they might whip out the entire Chili nation, and thus get the honor of squelching a republic. Judging from the bombastic tone of Commander Evans' pronouncement, he is, in the beautiful and impressive language of the poet, "getting too big for his breeches."

CRAB ORCHARD.

—Mr. Geo. Wooring was up Wednesday shaking hands with old friends before leaving for New Hope, his old home, where he has been installed as agent for the L. & N.

—Not to be daunted, Mr. Otis Newland left early Monday in search of the negro, Geo. Collins, whom he captured near Bee Lick and brought in ready to go to Stanford on the local Monday evening.

—We are almost formed into a piece of crystallized statuary this weather and are afraid the sheet has become chronic, but we will be willing to excuse it next year, if the rest are, for it takes too much summer shade for us to appreciate its value.

—Mrs. Will Saunders and family have moved to Louisville, where Mr. Saunders will join her in a few days. Mr. Henry Pettus has returned to his home from Pulaski, Tenn., whither he went to take a position about the first of the month. He did not tarry long.

—Quite a number of ladies, chaperoned by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Holdam, went to Stanford to take in Blind Tom, and it was indeed a merry crowd. If the local went on to Stanford our people would often attend the theatre in Stanford, but getting from Rowland is always a bother.

—Mr. Henle McClure has left to take a position with Crow & Co., of McKinney. Mr. Joe McClure has also gone to take a position with a distilling firm at Stamping Ground, this State. These are young men we can scarce afford to lose from Crab Orchard, owing to their noble characters, but feel they will be appreciated in the communities where they go. Mr. Wilson Dillon was in town Tuesday on business for his father.

MIDDLEBURY, CASEY COUNTY.

—Squirrels are said to be very plentiful in the woos about here.

—John Coffey, our champion sheep raiser, has several young lambs which he cares for more tenderly than he does his sweetheart.

—The sheet of last week was the heaviest in this neck of the woods for several years. It did much damage to forest trees and orchards.

—Mr. Fred Delk, who lives on Indian Creek, three miles above here, found five hogs that went astray a year and a half ago. They had lived in the woods, in less than a mile of his farm, during the whole time and had become quite wild and it required the assistance of several men and dogs to capture them.

—We notice that Col. Silas Adams, our representative in the Legislature, is dubbed the "Silent Member." Silence is a virtue that not many legislators possess and we rather like silence and commend it in our representative. But silence is not the only virtue by a long shot. To sit silently through a six-months session of the Legislature and do comparatively nothing except to draw his salary is neither commendable in Col. Adams nor any other member. We owe Col. Adams no ill will. On the other hand we are the best of friends, but we have yet to hear of a single, thing he did during the sitting of the Legislature two years ago, except to smoke his pipe and draw his salary. With his reputation for indolence and carelessness, we shall expect little or nothing from him this time as heretofore.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

—Hon. D. B. Edmiston has our thanks for numerous public documents.

—Col. J. S. May was one of the committee appointed to attend the World's Fair meeting at Louisville.

—Judge Breckinridge and Mr. Edmiston room together at Mrs. Ware's. L. Y. Leavell boards at the Keayton Hotel.

—It is said that the judiciary committee fails to find any authority by which the attorney general can begin proceedings against the lotteries of the State, in accordance with the Goebel resolution, to that effect, recently adopted.

—A bill was introduced in the State Senate providing that the railroads be not allowed to charge more than 2 cents a mile for passenger transportation. As they can't ride free, the legislators want to take spite out on the railroads.

—Henry G. Dowd, known as "Jack the Slasher," has been arrested in New York charged with murdering five men.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—S. K. Ramey commences quarterly meeting at the Methodist church Saturday.

—James Perman has commenced building a nice dwelling in the Ford and Nield addition.

—The school at the common schoolhouse, taught by Robert Tankesley, has 48 in attendance.

—Will Long, a 16 year old boy, died at Lily, Tuesday, and was buried Wednesday at Mt. Salem.

—I suppose you will give due notice of the snow that fell Tuesday and up to today, so I won't mention it.

—H. C. Thompson, R. M. Jackson and Jno. C. Jackson left Wednesday morning for Stanford to hear Blind Tom.

—A debating society has been organized in the Seminary for the benefit of the students and is held every Friday night.

—Joseph Tuttle got license to marry Miss Mary Jones Wednesday. His age is 50, hers 35. This is Mr. Tuttle's fifth marriage.

—Born, Monday night, to the wife of Dan Pitman, twins, both dead. Mrs. Pitman was in a serious condition, but is now better.

—Laurel Seminary has 105 students enrolled. The teachers are Profs. Yates and Jones, natives and graduates of Kentucky University.

—Not one of the parties appointed to the exposition conference went, so far as I can learn. That \$5 ticket to the Galt House banquet is too much for mountain blood.

—Diphtheria, its Etiology and Treatment, was the subject for discussion, Dr. F. L. Harrod, chairman.

—Dr. Plummer, Harrodsburg, made the Sectional Report on Materia Medica and Therapeutics.

—The Roster of the Society—Dr. Myer, of Danville, read an interesting paper, entitled, My Thirteen Hundred and Fifteenth Case of Obstetrics.

—Dr. A. D. Price read a paper on "Face Presentations," which was highly commended, and for which he received a vote of thanks.

—Some Symptoms of Degeneration in Modern Therapeutics" was the subject of a timely, suggestive and practical paper by Dr. H. J. Cowan, Danville.

—After an exhibition of instruments, remedies, new books, &c., Dr. L. S. McMurry, of Louisville, a member of the organization, presented to the Society, through Dr. Bogle, of Danville, two Gynecological specimens, which he had recently removed from a couple of his patients, recovery following each operation. One was an Uterus Myoma, weighing 18 pounds; the other a tumor removed for double Pyosalpinx.

—The following gentlemen were elected officers to serve the ensuing year: President, Dr. J. G. Carpenter, Stanford; vice-president, Dr. F. L. Harrod, Harrodsburg; permanent secretary, Dr. Steele Bailey, Stanford; treasurer, Dr. H. Brown, Hustonville.

—A singular coincidence, and one that may not happen again in a jubilee for years, Lincoln county this year furnishes the president and secretary to the two largest medical organizations in the State—the Kentucky State Medical Society and the Central Kentucky Medical Association. Dr. H. Brown and Dr. Bailey, of the former, and Dr. Carpenter and Dr. Bailey of the latter.

—The C. K. M. A. will hold its next meeting in Stanford, upon invitation, at which time Dr. Carbright, of Junction City, will open the discussion with a paper on "Typhoid Fever, its Etiology and Treatment."

—The worst snow-storm in years has cut off railroad and telegraphic connection between France and Spain.

—Near St. Johns, O., white caps took Charles Peterson and Mary Sheldrost, who had been living in adultery, from their home and ducked them in a creek. It is thought the woman will die.

—The Cincinnati Post says that Mrs. Bettys, who ran off with Sheriff Sparks, from Robertson county, is stopping with relatives in Cleveland and trying to make arrangements to be received back by her husband. Sparks is at home with his family and will pay off his debts as soon as all suits are withdrawn.

—Prof. B. Frank Bristow, the well-known Covington music teacher, has decided to turn his High Bridge Camp meeting into an institute for the curing of drunkenness. A prominent Covington physician, is to have complete control of the new venture and the improvement of the place is to be commenced immediately.

—The professor says if such an institution won't pay in Kentucky it won't pay anywhere.

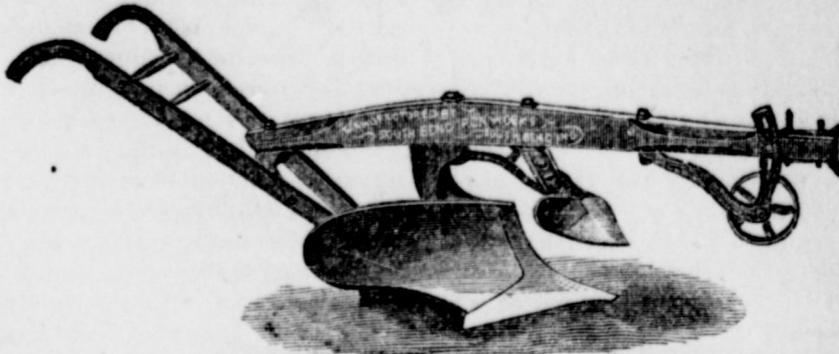
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SINE & MENEFEE,
DEALERS IN
SASH, DOORS AND BLINDS.

Rough and Dressed Lumber, Lath, Shingles, Mouldings, Brackets and Verandah Work.

WOVEN WIRE AND SLAT FENCE.
The best selected stock and lowest prices in Central Kentucky.
Office and Yard Depot Street, - - - Stanford, Ky.

The Oliver Chilled Plow



Has many imitators, but no equal. Don't be deceived by something said to be as good. Buy the Oliver and you will have the best. I am the only agent here and extras bought elsewhere are bogus and will not give satisfaction. Prices reduced on both Plows and Repairs.

J. B. FOSTER.

SEVERANCE & SON,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Notions, Shoes, Carpets, &c.

Extend to the public their hearty thanks for the very liberal patronage for the past year and

Promise our Best Efforts

Shall be exerted to maintain your confidence. Our motto has been and shall be

The Best Goods for the Least Money.

We will use this space in calling your attention to the many good things we have in stock.

We have a few Ladies' and Children's Cloaks left, which we propose to sell regardless of cost.

Now that winter is upon us in earnest, we have prepared for it; our stock of UNDERWEAR is still complete and the best stock of BOOTS and Shoes ever shown in Stanford.

The Old Reliable Jeweler Still in the Lead.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

SANFORD KY. JANUARY 22, 1892

K. C. WALTON, Bus. Manager

SIX : PAGES.

HUSTONVILLE.

—We are indebted to Crown Prince Russell for a gasp of relief in his official announcement of the Plumed Knight's physical inability to oppose the "Old Man" in the approaching tournament, which leaves him a walk-over and our republican friends no solicitude except about democratic indiscretions.

—Well, should Ohio establish her claim of a strip of Indiana 12 miles wide, to be made good to the Hoosier State by a like strip taken from Illinois, we shall have the comfort of repelling with indignation the charge that New York and other aspiring villages were beaten in their scramble for the World's Fair by a lot of Suckers, for Chicago will lapse to Indiana. But will this adjustment come within the scope of extraordinary diplomacy, or result in a counterpart of Kansas' late war? Let us have a peaceful settlement, for the air is still murky from late warlike indications.

—Our coasting and toboggan slides were never so inviting as the past week or ten days and the local supply of Hungarian and hot nails was greatly short of the extraordinary demand, that sinners might continue to "stand on slippery places." The oldest, and usually unreliable, reminiscient oracles cannot accurately recall a slippery spell of longer duration than this last one, but memory of past seasons is as misleading as are the nose, ears and fingers as a test of temperature, especially when the wind comes from the north. Travel has been almost entirely suspended and Madame Grundy has of necessity put in the past week patching, toeing and heelng old hose, looking over back-numbers and wondering what on earth is going on there.

—Nearly two years ago Dr. B. F. Johnson, a Central Illinois farmer, of greater sagacity, culture, patriotism, modesty and unselfishness than the average contributor to our agricultural periodicals, was first to suggest in *Home and Farm* universal free mail delivery, and President Harrison, in his last message, commends the matter to Congress, almost literally in Dr. Johnson's original suggestion. That farmers should be compelled to send four and five miles for their mail, pay for a box and wait their turns about a crowded outdoor delivery—and occasionally receive their papers reduced by air wheels to convenient shot gun wadding—is hardly fair, whilst city residents comfortably build fires and have their mails daily brought to their doors. Instead of a further reduction of postage, which will insure a deficiency, let's have the appropriation for improved mail transportation and free delivery, which will naturally insure to largely increased circulation of first-class periodicals like the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*, *Louisville Times*, *St. Louis Republic*, *Arena and Forum*, the general improvement of mankind. A comprehension of how the manufacturers instead of the consumers pay the tariff (?) will greatly increase postal business and profits, in a word, prove the farmers' millennial harbinger, and lift our present fourth-rate post offices from the low scale of sinecures to one of emoluments and honor.

MCKINNEY.

—Grip caused your scribe to lay aside the quill last week.

—J. Mc. Hubble was summoned last Tuesday by telegram to the bedside of his sick father, who lives in Pulaski county.

—J. K. Carson has moved to the Shad property, east of the depot, while Mr. Hughes, of Jumbo pattern, occupies the property vacated by Carson.

—Prof. W. F. Niles, formerly of this county, but late of Parksville, is here visiting old friends. W. R. Cross is at tending court at Somersets this week.

—Madame Rumor is whispering it that a certain young gentleman, who is well-known at the Commercial Hotel, will soon lead to the Hymenial altar a fair lady of the southern part of Lincoln.

—W. R. Cross, assisted by Miss Delta Gouch, closed their school at this place on the 8th and gave an entertainment on the night of the 9th, which was a success in every particular.

—The Baptist church at this place and Middleburg have jointly called Rev. Price, of Nashville, Tenn., to preach for them the ensuing year. Bro. Price is a divine of some note and has the reputation of being an eloquent, forcible speaker and the people expect to be favored with excellent sermons at this place twice each month.

—Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Davidson are visiting their sons in McCreary county. Misses Eliza Caud and Pattie Johnson, of Junction City, have returned home after a short visit to friends at this place. W. J. Duncan, proprietor of the Commercial Hotel (?), visits Kingsville quite often. John Fry, Jr., who has been spending the holidays with relatives in this county, left Monday for his home in the

Lone Star State. John U. Goode, of Waynesburg, was here Monday on business. E. O. Singleton, in company with his brother, Asaph, left Monday on No. 7 for Northern Alabama, where they will engage in business.

—The I. J. was short several copies on last Friday. What is wrong, Bro. Walton? The postmaster says the blame is elsewhere. [We can't imagine how it could be here, Ed.]

—**Givens-Estes.** It is a little late, but we couldn't send this item earlier: On last Tuesday at high noon at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. J. Walker Givens and Miss Florence Estes, were quietly married, in the presence of the family and a few close friends. The bride and groom are both excellent people and they have the hearty good wishes of a host of friends. The happy pair left on the 1:05 p. m. train for Lexington, Miss., to spend a few weeks of their honeymoon, while the groom will also dispose of three car-loads of mules.

GILBERT'S GREEK.

—Don't fail to attend the Anderson sale to-day, Friday.

—Danger, the faithful old watch dog of Col. Jas. Beasley, is no more.

—Mr. W. M. Dudderar made a flying trip to Middlesboro a few days ago.

—We are pleased to have Rev. A. V. Sizemore give us his monthly sermons at White Oak, which are indeed interesting.

—Elgar, the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Embanks, was severely scalded a few days ago by upsetting a kettle of boiling water.

—The many friends of Mrs. Jane Dunn regret her death. She was an excellent neighbor and had made a host of friends. She was a daughter of Mr. Jno. Gooch, near Rowland.

—A lady a few nights ago, as she was comfortably seated in a willow rocker, knitting on a big pair of socks, exclaimed, as she carefully unfolded the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*, on observing the columns very closely: "Great Heavens! look at the Stanford boys who want to get married! and gracious alive! who would have thought it?" Here is that popular young clerk at McRoberts' on the programme!

—Put some heated olive oil into a small bottle, drop in a piece of phosphorus, cork it up, cure it and put it aside. Any time the cork is removed for a few seconds and then replaced a powerful light will be given out by the bottle, which will last several minutes, and again be renewed at any moment by pulling out the cork. —R-hoboth Sunday Herald.

—A mother was calling the attention of her little boy to the moon, which was to be seen clearly but palely, in the early afternoon. "Why you can't see the moon in the day time?" replied the young rascal. "Oh, yes you can there it is over there." The little fellow looked and had to add: "The fact that he saw it, but he said 'Tain't lighted, anyhow." —Baby-hood.

WEAK IN THE KNEES.

A Physical Peculiarity That Handicaps Woman in the Knees with Man.

The difference of weight in the brains of men and women has long been a source of deep interest to all who discourse of equality and rights, says the Medical Record, of New York. Those extra ounces remain more or less a stumbling block to the unwary. Metaphysical justice refuses to regard them other than iniquitous. Yet certain structural differences escape such close scrutiny, notably that of the knee.

The structure of the knee feminine constitutes in itself a permanent disability for many masculine pursuits. The knee joint in woman is a sexual characteristic, as Dr. Ely Van de Warmer long ago pointed out. Viewed in front and extended, the joint in but slight degree intersects the gradual taper into the leg. Viewed in a semi-fixed position, the joint forms a smooth, ovate sphere. The reason of this lies in the smallness of the patella in front and the narrowness of the articular surfaces of the tibia and femur, and which in man form the lateral prominences, and this is much more perfect as part of a sustaining column. Muscles designed to keep the body fixed upon the thighs in an erect position labor under the disadvantage of shortness of purchase owing to the short distance—compared to that of man—between the crest of the ilium and the great trochanter. A man has a much longer purchase in the leverage existing between the trunk and extremities than a woman. The feminine foot, comparatively speaking, is less able to sustain weight than that of man, owing to its shortness and the more delicate structure of the tarsus and the metatarsus. Women are not well constructed to stand many hours consecutively and every day. It is safe to affirm that they have instinctively avoided certain fields of skilled labor on purely anatomical grounds, in which the smaller quantity of brain substance proves less an adverse factor than the shallow pelvis, the peculiarity of the knee and the delicate nature of the foot. These, as parts of a sustaining column, undeniably leave something to be desired. Even the right to vote would not confer on womankind the right to be soldiers. Equality, it appears, is quite as much an affair of the knee as of brains.

A Heaven Sent Gift.

There is in the office of the Merchants' National Bank, of Kansas City, a fragment of a meteor which has a peculiar history. A farmer in Western Kansas had borrowed more money on his farm than he found himself able to repay. While meditating over his bad fortune, but, with the usual energy of the Kansas farmer, still tilling his soil, he turned up this meteorite stone, and examined it; but discovered nothing peculiar in its make up until a relative from the East, who was visiting him, noticed it and told him it was of great value.

The farmer communicated with Professor Jim Hav. Stat. Geologist at Junction City, Kan., who visited the place and confirmed the opinion of the relative and caused collectors of such stones to compete for its purchase.

It was sold for a sum largely in excess of the amount required to redeem his home from the money lender.

SALLY LUNN. —Mix a quart of flour with a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoon of sugar, in which rub a tablespoonful of butter and an Irish potato, mash fine, add half a teaspoon of yeast and tree well beaten eggs, with warm water to make a soft dough. Knead half an hour, let rise, handle lightly, put in a cask mold and bake in a hot oven.

THE CHOCTAWS' HEREAFTER.

An Indian Idea of the Life Beyond the Present.

From their earliest traditions the Choctaws have been taught to believe in a life after they leave this world. They believe that the spirit, the moment that it leaves the body, is compelled to travel a long distance to the west, until it arrives at an immense chasm, at the bottom of which flows a very rapid, rocky, and dangerous stream. This terrible gorge, which is surrounded on every side by great mountains, the soul has to cross on a "long and slippery pine log with the bark peeled off," the only passage to the "happy hunting grounds," which lie beyond the dangerous bridge. On the bank of the stream, just on the other end of the log, there always stand six persons, who have reached the "happy hunting grounds," and who throw sharp rocks at whoever attempts to cross the treacherous log the moment the middle of it is reached. Those who have lived properly, according to the Indian idea of morals, have no trouble in crossing the log; the stones fall harmlessly from them, and they reach the "happy hunting grounds," where there is perpetual day, without difficulty. There the trees are ever green, the sky cloudless, and the breezes always gently blowing; there, too, a continuous feast and dance are going on; the people never grow old, but live forever and revel in perpetual youth. The wicked, when they attempt to cross the dangerous bridge, can see the stones which are thrown at them, and in trying to avoid them they will fall from the giddy height into the awful gorge thousands of feet below the slippery log; where a rushing boiling stream tumbling over the great sharp rocks, filled with dead fish and animals which are continually brought around to the same place by the eddies and whirlpools. There all the trees are dead, the waters infested by poisonous snakes, toads, and other repellent looking reptiles, the dead are always hungry, but have nothing to eat; are always sick, but never die. There is no sun, and the wicked are constantly "climbing up by thousands on the sides of a high rock, from which they can overlook the beautiful country of the good hunting grounds, the abode of the happy, but can never reach it." —Boston Transcript.

The Harvard Athlete.

The athlete in recitation is very amusing. When he enters some admirer usually whispers his confidante: "Look at —, isn't he a dandy?" The athlete always looks too large for his chair in the class room. You wonder why it does not break down. The boy, too, seems all out of place in his big hands, and a pencil loo's positively funny as he handles it. He wears an air of patronage as if intellectual pursuits were well in their way, and a thing to be encouraged, even interesting on occasions, but just a little unworthy a man of muscle.

He likes to stretch out his big limbs, and watch them in repose, knowing how much they can do when occasion requires. The professor even defers to him a little, unable to refuse his instinctive homage to power—even though it be physical. When he strolls across the yard men look out of their windows after him. He is pointed out to the young lady visitors, and the fair creatures look with awe on the god-like being whom they have seen bathe in mud and gore for the honor of Harvard in the superhuman fashion.

The athlete during his season of activity does not study much. He has to reserve his energies for physical effort. He can neither smoke nor drink. About that is left him is to talk athletics, and for this purpose he can get plenty of listeners. Bit when 4 o'clock in the afternoon comes then he is in his element. And from 4 to 6 he toils away like a young giant.

Storing Sunshine for Use.

"Hi! Jimmy! Come down here. Let's set on the bridge and go round when she turns."

This from a 10 year old street boy standing on the approach to a bridge over the Erie Canal in an interior city.

The person addressed was a fellow street boy standing on a raised foot bridge over the same muddy waterway. He was no older than his companion and full as ragged. He was lame and carried a crutch, but he had his compensation in a philosophy of contentment that old Horace might have envied.

He stood upon the foot bridge and answered:

"Naw. Can't. Got to stay here."

"Aw, come on down. What d'ye hang up there for? Lots o' fun swingin' around here. We kin git on a boat and go over the aqueduct an' then ride back on another. Aw, come on down."

"Naw; can't do it."

"Oh, easy enough. I sat down at this end of the table and said, 'This beef-steak is not fit to eat.' Then Alice answered, 'It's good enough for you.'

Then I swore a lot and she threw a napkin on the floor and went up stairs. That's how." —New York Herald.

Italian Fashionable Society.

During a visit to the south of Italy, a young Englishman was introduced to a fashionable gathering by a Neapolitan cavalier. While there he had his gold snuffbox taken from him. Next day he was at another evening party, when to his surprise he saw a gentleman present take out his stolen snuffbox and help himself to a pinch. He quickly strode up to his friend and said:

"The gentleman over yonder is taking snuff out of the very box that was stolen from me yesterday: do you happen to know him?"

"Hush!" answered the cavalier in a tone of warning: "he is a person of high rank."

"What do I care?" exclaimed the Englishman. "I want my snuffbox back and mean to call him to account!"

"Come, don't let us have a row!" gently entreated his friend, "leave the matter to me. I will get the snuffbox for you."

At these words the Englishman "simmered down" and went home. On the following day, sure enough, his friend brought him the stolen article.

"How did you recover it?" inquired the Englishman.

"Nothing of the sort!" said his friend, with a laugh. "I wished to avoid a disturbance, and therefore I simply stole it back again from him." —Illustrator Familien Kalender.

Brother Jack's Idea.



Fair Cousin—Why, this is only your studio!

De Auber—Of course; and what did you expect?

F. C.—Why, Brother Jack said if we visited you you'd probably show us your "Chamber of Horrors." —From the German.

Strange Adventures of a Cat.

In some manner a cat found its way into a cyclorama building several days ago. The man in charge attempted to chase the trespassing feline through the door, but the cat evidently thought there was a better way of escaping the rising temper of the irate man. It looked cautiously about, as if to avoid stepping on the prostrate forms of heroes slain in battle. Finally its eyes caught sight of a tree. A projecting limb hung very low, and here the cat thought to find a place of safety. It gave one leap, and no doubt was the most disgusted cat in Portland when it learned by sad experience that the tree was on the canvas. It picked itself up and slowly slunk through the door, down the stairs and out of the building. —Portland Press.

Those Terrible Children.

George and his little sister were playing in the dining room when a gentleman, who was an intimate friend of the family, appeared at the door.

"What are you doing, children?" he asked.

"Oh," said George, "we have been playing at pipa and mamma."

"And how did you do that?"

"Oh, easy enough. I sat down at this end of the table and said, 'This beef-steak is not fit to eat.' Then Alice answered, 'It's good enough for you.'

Then I swore a lot and she threw a napkin on the floor and went up stairs. That's how." —New York Herald.

A Powerful Player.

"That is Orpheus," said the young man; "he was a wonderful musician. He was such a forceful player as to move trees and stones."

"So?" replied the old gentleman, looking at the statue in a contemplative mood. "not so bad, but you never heard that cousin of yours play. She's only a puny little thing, but they do say she's made less noise than twenty whole families move, and I guess it's no more the truth." —Boston Transcript.

Out of Evil Good May Come.

Wife—Did you mail that letter I gave you this morning?

Husband—By George, Emily, I was so busy today that I forgot all about that letter. It's in my overcoat pocket now. I assure you, I—

Wife—You needn't apologize, George. I'm glad you didn't mail it, because I've just thought of another postscript I want to add. —Somerville Journal.

A Sympathetic Parson.

"What sort of a preacher is Parson Surplus Eel?" asked a newly arrived stranger in a Texas town.

"Oh, he is a very fair preacher."

"Is he a sympathetic preacher?"

"You bet he is. He never attempts to preach without exciting general sympathy—it's such hard work for him to do it." —Texas Siftings.

He Was.

Citizen (to one eyed man)—My friend, are you one of the victims of the small boy with the eye gun?

One Eyed Man—I am, sir.

SEMI-WEEKLY INTERIOR JOURNAL

STANFORD, KY., JANUARY 22, 1892

W. P. WALTON.

SIX : PAGES.

Everybody here is praising to the skies Mr. Cleveland's speech at the St. Jackson's day banquet of the New York Business Men's Association. Many think it the best speech the ex-president ever delivered. Here is a passage that sounds eminently Jacksonian: "We hold to the doctrine that party honesty is party duty and party courage is party expediency." And speaking of Jackson and Cleveland, a gentleman related to me this morning the following: "Whn the republicans were trying to steal the vote of New York in 1884, Cleveland, the governor, was waited on by an eminent democrat there in Congress. The two discussed the situation and the president-elect said: 'I believe I am elected, and it seems as though a conspiracy is on foot to count the republican ticket in. If Mr. Blaine has carried New York he shall have the vote of the State; if on the other hand, as I believe, I have carried it, I intend to have it. When it is made clear that I am counted out it will be time for me to act, and I will act.' His visitor said that as he pronounced the lost words his jaws came together with a snap and a look of fixed determination came into his eyes that satisfied him that if Cleveland was really elected he would be president." Mr. McKinley, of New Hampshire, said this morning that if the democrats would nominate Cleveland he would be as certain to carry his State, Rhode Island and Connecticut as he was to carry any Northern State and that Massachusetts would be as doubtful as any other State. He declared that Cleveland could get more votes in New York than any other candidate and that even if that were not true, he could be elected without New York. "Give us Cleveland," said he, "and a tariff for revenue and the honest dollar for issues and New England becomes a democratic community." —Savoyard in Courier-Journal.

"Do you love him, Mabel?"

There was an unmistakable ring of triumph in the proud father's voice as he addressed the question to the beautiful, queenly girl, who stood with downcast eyes before him.

"Yes," she answered softly, the rich blood mantling her cheek and brow.

"I have told him," rejoined the father, "that I shall interpose no obstacles in his way. If he can win your affections he has my full and free consent. I may say to you, further my daughter," he continued, "that in gaining the love of a young man like Harold Billmore you have made a conquest that gratifies my pride as a father and commands itself to my judgment as a man. He is of good family, upright, honorable, high-minded, the possessor of a competence and in all respects the one whom above all others I should have chosen as a guardian of my only daughter's happiness."

"Yes, papa," she replied, her face lighting up with a smile, "he's a corker."

Reward of Merit.—"Jacobs," said the managing editor of the great daily paper, weary, "what is the name of our man down at Squareville?"

"His name is Bohackus," answered the assistant.

"How much are we paying him?"

"Something like \$40 a month."

"Raise his salary 50 per cent," said the managing editor. "That's all, Jacobs. You can go."

Mr. Bohackus, of Squareville, was the only one of several hundred telegraphic correspondents who had not begun his special telegram to the Daily Thunderbolt the night before in these words: "The election has passed off quietly." —Chicago Tribune.

Dont's for Preachers.—Don't preach politics.

Don't pray to your congregation.

Don't try to irritate people into Heaven.

Don't let your sermons exceed 30 minutes in length.

Don't spring a collection on a congregation unawares.

Don't devote all your time to the saving of female souls.

Don't neglect the great sins in running down the small ones.

Don't treat a rich man's sins as if his money would save him.—Detroit Free Press.

"How does it happen," inquired the stranger, "that all the improvements are being made on this one street?" "It doesn't happen at all, sir," replied the citizen who was showing him about the village majestically. "This is the street I live on. I am president of the town board, sir."

"Marriage has not changed him much," said Mrs. Potts. "Before we were married he would not let me carry the lightest bundle—and he does not now. He lets me lug the heavy ones" —Indianapolis News.

President Harrison has learned by costly experience that the quickest way to make a man hot under the collar is to give him a cold shoulder.—Atlanta Journal.

Pledges Don't Deceive Her.—There is, however, one individual who is never deceived by the vows of the man who swears off. I refer to his wife, which fact is beautifully illustrated in the following touching lines of an unidentified poet:

I will not drink, I will not smoke,
I will not swear, I will not joke,
I will not churchly duties dodge,
I will not "hang up" at the lodge,
I will not—let me see. A few
More things I will not do—
She fancied she was on the hedge,
And chipped in, "You will not keep
your pledge." —Texas Sittings.

Appropriate Names.—"So you have got twins at your house?" said Mrs. Beumer to little Johnny Salmson.

"Yes, man, two of 'em."

"What are you going to call them?"

"Thunder and Lightning."

"Why those are strange names to call children."

"Well, that's what pa called 'em as soon as he heard they were in the house." —Texas Sittings.

On a wager a couple of New York brokers made an interesting experiment with the cable. A cablegram was sent from the stock exchange to London and an answer returned in four minutes. The usual time is much longer, but an especial effort was made with the above remarkable result. About 900 cablegrams are sent from New York daily in 25 cents word, but as cypher is used the cost is reduced to the minimum.

Stranger—This tree seems to be loaded with apples.

Rural Miss—Yes sir, papa says this is a good year for apples.

Stranger—I am glad to hear that. Are all your trees as full of apples as this one?

Rural Miss—Oh, no; only the apple trees.

The male of the pair of ostriches in the Cincinnati Zoo took the prevailing disease and kicked the bucket. It weighed 473 pounds and in its stomach, firmly fastened, was the \$800 diamond pin that it picked from the shirt front of a man last summer at Montreal while it was traveling with a circus.

The Battle Cry of Freedom.—If Congress passes bills to put wool, binding twine, iron ties, ores and other necessities and raw materials on the free list, this year's democratic campaign will be made under a "battle cry of freedom," and that battle cry is usually a winning one in this republic.—New York World.

How to Make Good Coffee.—Take six tablespoomfuls of freshly ground coffee for six after-dinner cups of coffee. Put in the filter of a French coffee-pot and pour on gradually a pint and three-quarters of thoroughly boiling water. Cover and let it infuse, but not boil. Prepare about five minutes before serving.

"There would be no doubt as to the meaning of Cleveland's election," says the Galesburg, Ill., Spectator (Dem.). "It would mean that taxes must come down, that strict economy must prevail; that the administration of affairs must be clean, able and absolutely fair. What more does democracy mean?"

"She was a good girl," said Mrs. De Kadens, "and not only understood her duties, but knew her place. I had to let her go though. I have been studying Fido's character rather closely, and I really believe that blondes are distasteful to the dear angel."—Indianapolis Journal.

First suburban—"Hello, Smith? You are up regardless. Going to a wedding?"

Second suburban—"No; I'm going in town to try to engage a cook and I wish to create a good impression."—Harper's Bazaar.

In the type-setting contest of the type-casting machines at New York the committee, after a week's test, decided that the Rogers Typograph produced the best and most economical results and is superior for newspaper work.

The Agricultural department at Washington announces that Florida will soon be ready to supply all the United States with sisal grass for use in making binding twine. The grass heretofore used came from Yucatan.

He—"Do you know anything about your ancestors?" She—"Yes, everything." He—"Then you have a family tree?" She—"Oh, no! I have a brother running for office."—Elmira Gazette.

Tom—"Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually." Jack—"I wish I could find a wife as easy as you can."—Yankee Blade.

The best way to keep a diary is to keep it clean. Never write in your diary, my son, unless you desire to be sorry at some future time in your life.—Boston Transcript.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Chi-ron, she gave them Castoria.

President Harrison has learned by costly experience that the quickest way to make a man hot under the collar is to give him a cold shoulder.—Atlanta Journal.

HOW ALLAN HOPEs TO FLY.

His Machine Will Bore a Hole in the Air and of Course Go Up the Western House at Ballard has been developed within the past eight months what in the opinion of men of sound judgment will prove, if practical, the invention of the age.

Mr. William Allan, a real estate broker and a former employee of the West Coast Improvement Company, has nearly completed the model of an aerial ship or flying machine. It consists of two oval or cigar shaped bodies with tapering ends, the smaller suspended within the larger. Around the larger an immense thread of stiff canvas, or some other strong but light material, winds spirally from end to end. Within the smaller body is situated the propelling power, which by means of a set of pulleys, bands, wheels, etc., revolves the interior oval body, and as it moves so it causes the larger machine on the exterior to move with correspondingly greater velocity.

The theory which William Allan has developed upon for the last 20 years is this: A screw by revolution forces itself through wood, so Mr. Allan concluded if he could invent a machine with threads large enough to revolve in the atmosphere it will travel through space and with great rapidity on the same principle. If Mr. Allan be not a deluded inventor one may travel in this machine in any direction, with almost any speed desired, and with perfect safety, by means of steering apparatus and a speed regulator which are attached and under the control of the aeronaut within the bowels of the invention. If this invention proves practical, and Mr. Allan thinks it will, railroads and ocean grayhounds will be easily distanced. The details of the machine can not be fully described, as only a working model has been constructed, and although Mr. Allan has obtained a caveat he does not wish to give away his secret until he has more substantial financial backing.

"There was no one in there, however, except that one Vermonter, and he did not even attempt to close the door after us, such was his contempt for our prowess.

"We did not go back into his room. We could have gone, of course, but we saw that it would consume a great deal of time and the hour was late.

"Say about Vermont man! I said as we were about to leave. I trust you are not mean enough to report this to the faculty?"

"Not at all," he said. "I like it. Come again any time you please."

"Another time," continued the ronconeur, "a party of us had been out on that sacred night, Halloween, tearing off gates and signs and otherwise disporting ourselves after the fashion of college youth the world around. We had brought about a load of broken store signs up to Jim Martin's room and were merrily burning them in his big fireplace. The ceremonies were at their height when two or three professors, excited to the movement by indignant townspeople, whose signs being ravished had followed us to the college gates, rapped loudly at the door for admission. Something had to be done, as it would never do to let in the professors and those broken evidences of our guilt around."

"A man by the name of Jack Nesbit, now a State senator in Nebraska, was equal to the pinch, however.

"It was a rule of the college that no professor should be denied entrance to a room, no matter the hour, unless the occupant was engaged in prayer. In event of the present progress of this religious exercise, the professor was made to wait until the 'amen,' and could in no wise complain.

"At the first rap Nesbit broke into prayer. In a loud sonorous tone he sought mercy for himself and his companions. Continuing, he beleaguered the throne of grace in behalf of the college, as well as the professors, singly and in a body. Next the students all came in (or notice by name, and in bulk, as well as every attack of the place to the small person who cleaned knives and forks in the kitchen. No one was slighted or overlooked. Then Nesbit went for the Government, and prayed for the nation at large; then the President and his pressing needs were named, and Divinity was pleaded with for their fulfillment; then all the deacons and various officers of State, and when they were exhausted all the States beginning with Maine and ending with California were interceded for. After this Jack went to Europe, and beginning with England related the necessities of each government, and sought their satisfaction. From there he went to Asia, to Africa, then to South America, and so on, until he was drifting among the islands which dot the Southern seas. Meanwhile the rest of us turned stokers, and crowded the signs into the fireplace, where they roared and leaped almost to the limits of a general conflagration. Just as Jack was landing at Auckland the last splinter went up in smoke and the disengaged professors were let in. The prayer must have been almost an hour long, and as the teachers filed in Nesbit closed with some quotation from St. Mark which refers to those who, seeking a sign, shall find it not."

A Special Chance.—In connection with his army experience, Colonel Pat Gilmore, the famous musician, tells this story: "You see, we musicians who march to battle are really the only ones who are unprotected. We, of course, can handle no weapons and are at the mercy of bullets. To our duty of furnishing the inspiring strains to the marching soldiers we have another on—that of carrying off the wounded from the field on stretchers. In one of the battles we were on our way to the scene of action, when we met a soldier running away from the field.

"What is the matter? I inquired, in chorus with several other of the musicians. The man hurriedly replied: 'Oh, nothing at all. I'm only wounded in one of the fingers of my left hand. I'm off to have it dressed and will return again.'

"But the light of inspiration had come to us. No unprotected march for us when our good angels had thrown such a good chance in our way. We seized the man and said, 'Get on the stretcher.' 'No, no,' he answered; 'only one of my fingers is hurt. I can get on faster myself. Why should I be carried?' Do I walk with my hand? Let me go."

"We merely repeated the order, 'Get on the stretcher.' He didn't heed us, and again we said more emphatically, 'Get on the stretcher.' Seeing he was obstinate, we made a bodily seizure of him and put him forcibly on the waiting stretcher.

"Then we beat a hasty retreat with our burden. We carried him down a long hill to a place of safety and we took good care to place our wounded soldier in a distant place of security. How were we to help it if the battle was nearly over when we returned to the field? I always tell the generals with whom I fought that I was always in advance of them—in the rear."

Baroness Rothschild's Mission.—Baroness Rothschild, like the Baroness Burdett Coutts, has a self imposed "mission" in the miserable East End of London. She has built blocks of model tenement houses in the Whitechapel district, which are rented at the rate of three per cent on the investment. Adjacent to the model houses is an excellent "club and library" building, with billiard room and music room, open to all tenants on payment of a penny, and apparently it is generally preferred to the gin palaces.

Tom—"Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually." Jack—"I wish I could find a wife as easy as you can."—Yankee Blade.

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He Feared She Could.

Little Brother—How much do you weigh, Mr. Dangle?

Dangle—About 150 pounds, my man. Why do you ask?

I heard sister tell ma that she was going to throw you over her shoulders if Mr. Fangle proposed, but I don't believe she can do it, do you?"

Many men owe the grandeur of their lives to their tremendous difficulties.—[Spurgeon.]

HAZING THE HAZERS.

A Vermonter and Another, Now a Senator, Who Were Equal to Emergencies.

"Talking of hazing," said a university club man the other evening in the hearing of a Kansas City Star reporter, "I'm here with some emphasis and accent to say it is not always a success. I was with a party of students once who, having set their academic hearts on hazing a rough and uncouth specimen from Vermont, repaired to his room about 11 o'clock one night to perform these rites. There were seven of the invaders, including myself, and we collected in the corridor outside the freshman's door. In order to be impressive in our entrance, at a given signal we hurried ourselves against the portal and burst it in. I recall a feeling of pride as the door went in at the success of this first step, but nothing distinctly afterward.

"In the dim religious light that sifted through the curtains from the swinging moon we beheld a long, spare, and meager being who flew out of bed and fell upon us. He was silent as a bulldog, but quick and ferocious as a cat. I never saw such a creature. The whole affair did not last 10 minutes, and its close found myself and the other hazers battered and bruised and out in the hall.

"I thought only one man inhabited that room," said a sorrowful sophomore as he felt of his various features in an effort to measure the distance so far as he, personally, was affected. There are at least 10, for I counted them, to say nothing of the large African gorilla which threw me out, and which I take it they maintain as a pet."

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MEANS BUSINESS.

ENGRAVING beautifully and artistically done at A. R. Penny's. Your account is now ready. Please call and settle. A. R. Penny. HAVE your watch, clock and jewelry repaired at A. R. Penny's. All work warranted. REMEMBER that all silverware, watches, rings, &c., bought at A. R. Penny's will be engraved free of charge.

PERSONAL POINTS.

Mrs. T. W. Geer is quite sick. MR. JOHN W. RAMSEY is very ill of pneumonia. MR. W. G. RANEY, who has been quite sick, is better. Mrs. E. C. WALTON is very ill at her father's in Hustonville.

Mrs. SARAH NEWLAND has gone to visit relatives in Hardin county.

Miss MINNIE VANABSDALE, of Harrodsburg, is with Mrs. H. J. McRoberts.

Mrs. J. B. OWENS, of Harrodsburg, is visiting her mother, Mrs. America Rout.

JUDGE J. W. ALCORN and Col. W. G. Welch are attending the World's Fair conference in Louisville.

MR. ASA HARRIS, half brother of Capt. Harris, M. of T., has taken the position of seal clerk at Rowland.

MR. J. B. PAXTON has gone on a business visit to Martinsville, Ind., and may be absent a week or more.

Mrs. NANNIE OWENS and Mr. Ed. Owens left yesterday for Tennessee, after a month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Sam M. Owens.

Miss BELLE RIFFE, of the West End, who has been attending college at Lancaster, was the guest of Mrs. S. H. Hockner on her return home.

Mrs. J. P. BAILEY, who was to have assisted Mrs. W. P. Tate in receiving, was, with her daughter, Miss Louise, prevented from being present by the death of her sister-in-law, Mrs. J. M. Cook.

Mrs. ALBERT PAINE, of Boston, and Mrs. W. W. Evans and daughter, Margaret, of Haverhill, Mass., the mother and sister of the groom, and W. H. Chapman, of Boston, attended the Tate-Paine marriage.

COL. AND MRS. THOS. M. GREEN, of Maysville, have bought of Mrs. Eugenia Young, of Louisville, her residence property on the corner of Second street and Lexington avenue for \$4,500, and will remove to this city.—Advocate.

MR. J. V. CLIFFORD, who has been with the K. C. G. & L. passed Wednesday to Cleburne, Texas, to take a position on Supt. Dow's road. He is a good railroad man and we expect to hear of his steady promotion.

In its list of leap year chances the Richmond Climax says Col. Durrett Trible is not to be overlooked. He has a mustache that is a triumph and his right arm is developed to a degree of muscular magnificence that only comes with long and active training. Go forth to meet the colonel!

MR. AND MRS. J. F. HOLDAM, Mrs. Alice Newland, Miss Birdie James and Misses Beauregard and Lulu Stuart, of Crab Orchard, and Mrs. Jackson Givens and Mrs. J. W. Bastin, of Pittsburgh, formed a very pleasant theatre party Wednesday and enjoyed Blind Tom's wonderful performances very much. They returned on the morning express.

CITY AND VICINITY.

Read the 3d and 4th pages of this issue. They are full of good matter.

The little infant of Supt. W. F. McClary died a few days ago of pneumonia, but was three weeks old.

WANTED—Eggs, butter, bacon, hams, sides, shoulders, hides and tailow at the highest market price. B. K. & W. H. Wearen.

AFTER trying the Monday holiday plan and finding that it didn't work so well, Hamilton College will return to the old Saturday holiday.

SOME few of our customers have failed to settle their accounts to Jan. 1st, '92, and to such we would say we need the money. Sims & Menefee.

FOR RENT.—House with five rooms and garden. Situated on Logan's Creek, 1½ miles from Rowland. Apply to A. T. Nunneley or T. L. Shelton.

CAPT. FRANK HARRIS says that the wrecker has not been out on this division since Nov. 5th. He isn't bragging, but if any other division can beat that record it can have the cake.

The Shelby City precinct has a new democratic citizen, who is yet unable to exercise his right of franchise. He is Henry Lloyd Tevis, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. Shelby Tevis, and arrived on Tuesday morning.—Advocate.

TO PUPILS OF COMMON SCHOOLS.—The examinations of graduation in a common school will be held this year on the 5th of February for whites and on the 6th for colored. Diplomas will be given to those who are successful. W. F. McClary, County Superintendent. By order of

Go to the New Cash Store for your gents' and ladies' kid gloves, gents' and ladies' handkerchiefs, ladies' and gents' underwear, ladies' and gents' shoes, misses' and children's shoes and especially for all your towels; napkins and table cloths. We will open next week the finest line of gents' colored shirts ever opened in Stanford. J. S. Hughes.

MACKEREL in barrel and kit at Farris & Hardin's.

WANTED.—No. 1 butter at 25c. Will make regular engagements. McKinney Bros.

CANNED Goods at greatly reduced prices for the next 30 days. B. K. & W. H. Wearen.

TAKE your eggs to the Cash Bargain store and get 20 cents per dozen. B. F. Jones, Sr.

FINEST assortment of Hamburg and linen edgings ever brought to Stanford at Severance & Son's.

R. ZIMMER is better prepared than ever to serve oysters. Fried, stewed, scolloped and raw at any hour.

STRAYED.—Red boar shoot. White face, slit in left ear. Any one seeing him please let me know. L. M. Bruce.

JOE DOLLINS, the negro who cut Mit Embry and who gave Deputy Newland so much trouble to arrest him, was held in bail of \$25 which he couldn't give.

MR. C. F. SHEPPARD, of Somerset, was up yesterday to bring Annie Young, a negro who was arrested in Somerset on a warrant charging her with stealing a watch from Mrs. Pennybacker, at Kingsville.

Go to the New Cash Store and see their stock of ladies' French suitings and Scotch homespuns in all the new Spring shades and their splendid line of black and solid colored dress goods. J. S. Hughes.

The Louisville Post is publishing a good deal of local matter from Stanford, which is sent by telegraph and printed while it is red-hot. The Post is a first-class paper generally and our people ought to appreciate its enterprise by giving it a large local list of subscribers.

THE snow and blizzard came as predicted and the mercury was down below 20° for three days. It was getting warmer yesterday, but while nearly all the sleet had left the trees, the snow was still with us and sleighing was fine. Warmer, fair is the prediction till 8 p. m., to-day.

THE New Cash Store has just received a new line of Torchon and Val. Laces and Torchon Trimmings. All kinds of embroideries and white goods in plain, plaid and striped Indias, plain, plaid and striped Nainsooks, striped and printed dimities and a splendid assortment of lace curtains at all prices. John S. Hughes.

A YEAR OR TWO AGO Willard Teeters escaped from the jail guard here and has since kept himself scarce. Jailer Owens had him on his mind, however, and a few days ago succeeded in locating him in Louisville and having been arrested, Tuesday he went after him and he is now in jail here to await trial for cutting with intent to kill.

BLIND TOM gave one of his inimitable performances at Walton's Opera House Wednesday night; and notwithstanding the prices were 75c and \$1, the house was nearly filled by people who were more than satisfied with the investment. It is well worth anybody's time and money to see the performances of this most incomprehensible freak of nature.

In a row the other night Mack Ferrel cut Bob Whitley, colored, and beat him over the head with a pistol. Mr. Ferrel was arrested and claims that he will have ample proof to exonerate himself when his trial comes up to-day. The trouble grew over a buggy and the whole matter is somewhat obscure. Whisky cut a prominent figure in it, doubtless.

A young man who had never taken so pretty a girl to a public entertainment before, got so warm under the fire of the optics all around him that he excitedly jumped up and nearly pulled off his coat at the Opera House, Wednesday night, before he found that he had already taken off his overcoat. The laugh that the other boys gave him won't be forgotten soon.

THE Model Minstrels, which will perform here Monday night, Feb. 1, is thus spoken of by the Richmond, Va. Times: "There have been several high sounding and much advertised minstrel troupes here this winter, but the Model Minstrels, who came into the city without so much flourish of trumpets, is by far the best seen here for a long time. The hand balancing of C. H. Sweeney is wonderful, while Alvido as a juggler equals the best. Delmonio and Montayo are contortionists whose bones seem to be made of rubber. The dancing is a strong feature, while "Fun on the Levee," that winds up the very enjoyable entertainment, is laughable to an extreme. The company is very large, comprising 30 men."

Card of Thanks.

(To the Editor Interior Journal.) Will you please allow me through your esteemed paper to express the gratitude of my heart to the friends and neighbors for their many acts of kindness to me and mine in our recent sad bereavement. Words can but feebly express our grateful feelings towards those who showed such a desire to share our sorrow.

D. McKittrick.

Go to the New Cash Store for your gents' and ladies' kid gloves, gents' and ladies' handkerchiefs, ladies' and gents' underwear, ladies' and gents' shoes, misses' and children's shoes and especially for all your towels; napkins and table cloths. We will open next week the finest line of gents' colored shirts ever opened in Stanford. J. S. Hughes.

the penalty falling on the preacher or other officer for performing the ceremony without the license.

DEATH'S DOINGS.

—COOK.—Another godly mother has gone to her reward and another family is now feeling keenly an irreparable loss. Unacquainted with death, as the grim monster had not before entered this household, the once happy family of Mr. J. M. Cook is now burdened beyond expression with grief, because a loving and affectionate wife and mother has been called to leave them, even for the brighter shore. Mrs. Cook died at 4 o'clock Wednesday morning, after a two-weeks' illness of what was the termination of a spell of grip, which she suffered nearly a year ago, and of which she never entirely recovered. Up to Sunday last she was aware of her serious illness and often spoke of her willingness to die, regretting, of course, the bidding farewell to the dear ones, composing as happy a family as ever lived together, but since then she had been unconscious and the bereaved ones were deprived of the sad pleasure of saying the final good-bye. Mrs. Cook was 53 years old and had been a consistent member of the Christian church for years, having joined when a very small girl. She had been married 34 years, nearly to the day, and the anniversary of the union would have been celebrated had not she been so ill. Ten children were born to Mr. and Mrs. Cook, nine of whom survive her, as well as her aged mother, Mrs. America Bailey, who is now in her 90th year. Not until a few years ago had Mrs. Cook been inconvenienced by illness and in her youth was a remarkably handsome woman; in fact the couple were known as the handsomest in this section. Those who knew her well say that Mrs. Cook was one of the best women in the world, and was the possessor of a disposition that was amiable itself. Kind, loving and gentle, she was the light of the household and truly a mother and wife was never more worshipped than she. In a way Mrs. Cook was a philanthropist and her good deeds will live long after her. The needy never left her door empty handed and no wounded heart left her threshold without words of sympathy that helped the bleeding heart. She was a thorough woman of God and reared a large family that will stand as a monument to her good teachings. Her last words were, "My children, live as you would die and strive to meet me in Heaven." Blessed words! May they prove a balm to the wounded hearts and cause them to find comfort in the thought that she is happy with her God. After a funeral discourse at her home by Rev. W. L. Williams at 11 o'clock A. M. yesterday, the remains were gently conveyed to the Hustonville Cemetery, where all that is mortal of the loving wife, mother and friend was laid to rest. How changeable and how uncertain is life! Less than a month ago a bridal party left this home. To day it is shrouded in mourning and the very winds seem to say in sadness, "Mother is dead." It is hard, very hard, to give her up, but may each of those most seriously afflicted by the blow be enabled to feel that she has only gone before, and live so as to meet her, a reunited family, in a land that is fairer than day.

An infant son of Dr. J. T. Morris died yesterday of catarrh of the stomach.

The Advocate records the deaths of Joseph S. Prentiss, of the Junction City neighborhood, aged 60; Addison Mitchell, of the West End, aged 73, and Thomas Gore, who for a long time kept the Gore House at Junction city, 74.

James V. Escott, an old merchant of Louisville, who married a sister of Mr. W. N. Haldeman, died Monday and on that account the wedding of Mr. Bruce Haldeman and Miss Annie Milton, which was to have taken place in the Second Presbyterian church, was quietly solemnized at the residence of the bride's parents on the 20th.

—The Advocate records the deaths of Joseph S. Prentiss, of the Junction City neighborhood, aged 60; Addison Mitchell, of the West End, aged 73, and Thomas Gore, who for a long time kept the Gore House at Junction city, 74.

—The Revision of Faith Committee has eliminated the infant damnation clause of their confession of faith and substituted: "Infants dying in infancy and all other persons who are not guilty of actual transgression are included in the election of grace and are saved and regenerated by Christ, through the Spirit, who worketh when and where and how He pleaseth. So also are all others elected, persons who are not outwardly called to the ministry of the 'Word.' No prayers are hereafter to be made for the lead and on the subject of preterition the following was adopted: 'The rest of mankind God saw fit, according to the unsearchable counsel of His will, whereby He extendeth or withholdeth mercy as He pleaseth, not to elect unto eternal life, and them hath He ordained to dishonor and wrath for their sins to the praise of His glorious justice. Yet hath He no pleasure in the death of the wicked, nor is it His decree, but the wickedness of their own hearts, which restraineth and hindereth them from accepting His grace made in the Gospel.'

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Main train going North.....12:20 p. m.
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\$500 REWARD.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we can not cure with our vegetable Liver Pill. If the directions are strictly followed, they are perfectly executable and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar coated. Large boxes, containing 30 pills, \$2. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by the firm of West Co., Chicago, Ill. For sale by A. R. Penny, Ky.

93-197.



A new and complete treatment, consisting of suppositories, ointments in capsules, also in pills and pills; a specific for all internal complaints, Headache, Cough, Chills, Rheumatism, &c. Hereditary piles. This remedy has never been known to fail. \$1 per box, 6¢ for \$1 sent by mail. Why suffer from this terrible disease when a written guarantee is given? Every box with a bottle containing the number of not less than 1000 for free use. Guarantee issued by A. R. Penny, Druggist and sole agent, Stanford, Ky. Call for samples.

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97-197.

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Office South side Main street, in office recently vacated by Dr. L. F. Huffman, Stanford, Ky.

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Is moving to the Higgins office, Lancaster street. Nitrous Oxide Gas given for painless extracting. STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

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Is now fully organized and ready for business with

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Successor to THE LINCOLN NATIONAL BANK OF STANFORD,

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By provisions of its charter, depositors are as fully protected as are depositors in National Banks, its shareholders being held individually liable to the extent of the amount of their stock therein at the par value, \$100, in addition to amounts invested in such shares. It may act as executor, administrator, trustee, &c., as fully as any individual.

To those who entrusted their businesses to us while managing the Lincoln National Bank of Stanford, we thank you for many thanks and trust we will continue to transact their business with us, offering a guarantee for prompt attention to same, our twenty years' experience in banking and as liberal accommodations as are consistent with sound banking.

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J. S. Owlesley, Stanford;

J. E. Lynn, Stanford;

A. W. Carpenter, Millidgeville;

J. K. Baughman, Hustonville;

J. F. Cash, Stanford;

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95-197.

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This institution, originally established as the Deposit Bank of Stanford in 1852, was reorganized as the National Bank of Stanford in '68 and is regarded as the first National Bank of Stanford in '68; has had practically an uninterrupted existence of 32 years. It is better supplied now with facilities for transacting business promptly and liberally than ever before in its long and honorable career. Accounts of corporations, fiduciaries, firms and individuals respectively solicited.

The Directory of this Bank is composed of

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OFFICERS:

J. S. Hocker, President;

John J. Roberts, Cashier;

A. A. McKinney, Assistant Cashier.

95-197.

HAPPY HAMLET.

Memories Awakened by a Bunch of Hyacinths. A Sweet Spoken Woman. Old Bachelors. Distinction Between Talent and Genius. More Baby Language. A New Calendar.

the iron and iron it out." And when her aunt told her that the wrinkles were in her face instead of her hair and that she was getting old, little Virginia said: "Why no you aunt, Aunt Jane, I don't see any frown in your face."

Some one has sent me a calendar—four young blue birds are leaving the nest and their efforts to lift their baby wings are indeed interesting. But to know these four will never learn to fly, will always be just as they are, just as near 50 years from hence as now, is somewhat consoling.

"I had a nest full once of my own, Ah! happy, happy! Right dearly I loved them, but when they were grown They spread out their wings to fly."

And now a word to you, who are blushing about the personalities in these letters. If the shoe doesn't fit don't wear it. Remember, the world is wide, at the pane, they dashed a tear upon my hand, they beckoned me off into the spirit realm and one pointed to a grave, green upon the green hillside. It was then my heart aroused itself and turning to the hyacinth, spoke:

Thou dream of love clothed in a shroud—

A joy and grief together bowed. A little song beginning glad That leaves the heart, when ended, sad—

Sad as a sea sigh in a shell; You hint of Heaven, of angels tell. And oh! you come a date to keep And I have thought to make weep So, I have staid, held by a hyacinth.

Is there anything in the world so beautiful to contemplate as a loving-hearted, sweet-spoken woman. One who closes her lips on gossip, looks defiantly at scandal, is courageous enough to shake her fist at a lie and that treads softly by one's frailties and follies?" asked Mr. Love.

"Yes, there is just one more beautiful."

"What is it?" he enquired, aroused from his reverie.

A loving man—one who loves though he loves and who looks sweetly, though sadly, on the little god, Cupid, even when Time is touching his hair and the yearning gone from his eyes."

Mr. Love did not speak. Why?

I know a place where five old bachelors are bunked together. If that many birds were so inclined there would be 20 less baby birds a year. Think of the lost music! But may be you like old bachelors. There is one at Stanford who arouses my deepest sympathy. His love for children amounts to almost a disease, but so long as he retains a little sentimentality I shall admire him. Not long ago I found myself in his den of law books face to face with a love letter from away off somewhere in the Old World. It told of the roseate peaks of the Jungfrau under the Switzerland dawn, of lakes, beautiful as "emeralds dissolved in sunbeams," of swans and a thousand thousand other foreign wonders. Now, I have but one impulse in lifting my veil before this bachelor and that is to keep him quiet. He is giving my letter a black eye—has intimated that I prevaricate, which he will not do again. He and I have some memories that clasp hands. Old bachelor, be quiet, and very quiet.

Miss Prim says that elegant dressing is always symbolic of refinement and intellect and that those who know how to apparel themselves are generally getters of success in other particulars, but I don't know about that; For I hardly needs to tell you how you's often come across A fifty dollar saddle on a twenty dollar horse. And workin' in the lowlands, you dis- kiver as you go That the finest shuck may hide the meanest nubbin in the row."

And she further stated that Mr. D. was a literary genius and when I disagreed with her she got red in the face and said he had climbed into all the newspapers, which was more than I had done. Well, what of that Miss Prim? "The bantam chicken's awful fond of roostin pretty high, And the ink'key buzzard sails above the eagle in the sky. You findst little minnows in the middle of the sea, And the least' kind of possum up the biggest kind of tree."

Miss Prim should make a distinction, between talent and genius. Talent is that which helps one to imitate what the genius creates. Mr. D. has never created anything but the big pump that gushes forth his opinion of himself. It works pretty nicely—the pump—until he endeavors to adjust it to his intellect, and then somewhat the chain clogs, the wheel gets cranky and won't go round and all we get is a big bulge of air and a few dredgs. I hate a pump. I love to go to a spring and dip up the bubbles or to a fountain that splashes the spray against my lips.

Well, what do you think, the authorship of these letters has been attributed to one of the most intellectual men in the State and they are but the effervescent of my most idle fancies.

A teacher asked his baby grammar class what was the plural of duck, "Drake," said little Dan, making the whole school titter. But little Virginia is the cutest babe that I know. She it was who climbed into Aunt Jane's arms and observing the wavy places in her hair, said: "Your hair is wight full of winkies. Aunt Jane, you ought to get

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Safe and Reliable.

"In buying a cough medicine for children," says H. A. Walker, a prominent druggist of Ogden, Utah, "never be afraid to buy Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it and it is always sure to follow. It is a safe and reliable medicine because I have found it to be safe and reliable," ate and got bottles for sale by Dr. M. L. Bourne, Druggist and Optician, Stanford, Ky.

AN INTRODUCTION